

The MESSENGER

of
OUR
LADY
of
AFRICA



Published by the White Sisters, Metuchen, N. J.

MARCH - APRIL, 1944

VOL. 6

No. 7

CONGREGATION OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA (White Sisters)

ORIGIN AND AIM: The Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa was founded in 1869 by Cardinal Lavigerie, to rescue, moralize and regenerate the pagan and Mohammedan woman, and through her attain the family and society. Exclusively vowed to the Apostolate in Africa, the Sisters devote their lives to the natives in every work of mercy and charity . . . Catechetical, Medical, Educational.

GOVERNMENT AND APPROBATION:

The Congregation is governed by a Superior General who depends directly on the Holy See. The Constitutions were definitely approved by decree the 14th of December 1909 and promulgated on the 3rd of January 1910.

SPIRIT: The Spirit of the Congregation is one of obedience, humility, simplicity, and zeal; and the life of the Sisters one of poverty, mortification and labor.

* * * *

The Congregation numbers over 1,500 Professed Sisters who are devoting their lives to the Natives in 120 Missions, that spread out through—

North Africa: Algeria, Tunisia, Atlas Mountains, Sahara.

West Africa: The Gold Coast, French West Africa.

East Africa: Kenya, Nyassaland, Tanganyika, Uganda, Rhodesia, Belgian Congo, Rwanda, Urundi.

* * * *

OUR AMERICAN HOME IS AT:

White Sisters Convent
319 Middlesex Avenue
Metuchen, New Jersey

THE MESSENGER OF

OUR LADY OF AFRICA

is edited and published bi-monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa (White Sisters), Metuchen, New Jersey. Annual subscription \$1.00. Entered as second class matter December 15, 1931, at the post office of Metuchen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over fifteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

TO AVOID THE MISSIONS UNNECESSARY EXPENSE,

kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

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Mohammedan Lent

ISLAM HAS PRESERVED for its adherents the tradition of fasting, but we find it quite different from our own lenten fast.

This fast or Ramadan lasts one moon, it begins when the crescent first appears. The Ramadan moon is expected by a whole people with its eyes fixed on a corner of the sky, and is greeted with enthusiastic shouts. For the whole length of its increase and decrease, all faithful Mohammedans will fast. "Sidi Ramadan is here," the children are told, and thus these little ones become accustomed to this annual transformation in the family's mode of life.

Night becomes day, and day, night to a certain extent at least for those who have no set hours of work. From dawn till twilight a Moslem may neither eat, drink, nor smoke. Some venerable "cheikh" have been seen walking around saying their beads, their mouth covered with a piece of cloth: to protect themselves from being sullied by the dust...

In the cities a blast of canon indicates the end of the day's fast. In an instant cigarettes already rolled are in the mouth, cooling water is sipped, dried fruits, such as dates and figs will give patience to wait for a more substantial meal which is already prepared.

Where there are as yet no time piece such as a clock, an alarm or a watch, the fervent Moslem wears on himself a white thread and a black; when he can no longer tell them apart, he judges the hour has come for him to legitimately satisfy his hunger.

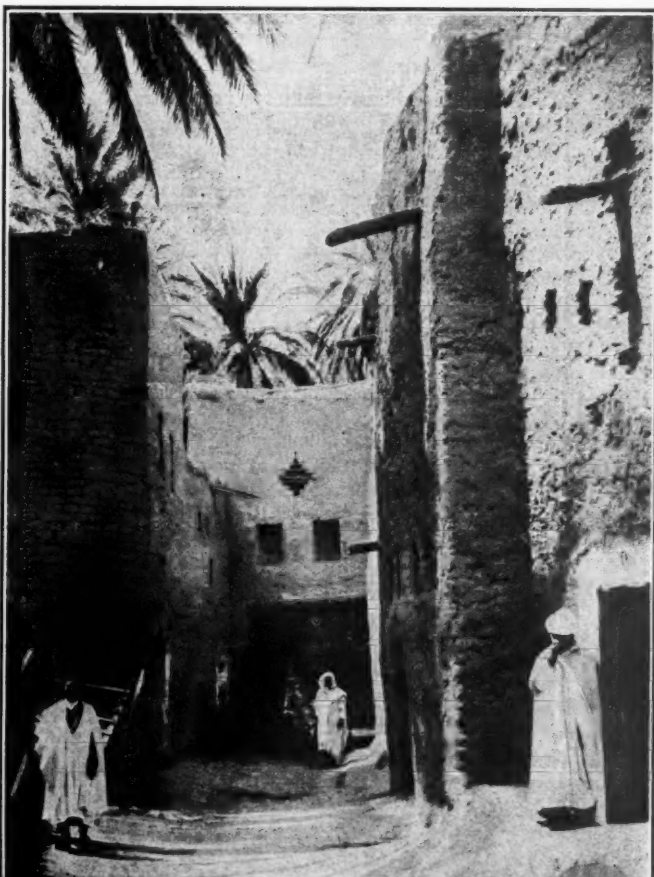
It is permitted to eat all night long, but generally a second meal is taken just before sunrise. In the cities a night watcher goes around knocking from door to door, to tell the people it is time.

At what age does one begin to fast? Children here as in all countries are anxious to be ranked among the grown ups, (and here es-

pecially do desire to be admitted to the nocturnal rejoicings). They begin to fast very early. When questioned as to being among the fasters or not, they proudly show their little pink tongues as a proof that they have taken no food since the morning. And yet the law of fast is binding only for adolescents. We remind the mothers about this fact which they readily admit, but will not contradict the children on this point. Some explain or excuse their conduct thus: It is good to get used to fasting when one is young; little by little the child becomes accustomed to it and when the hour comes for him to bear the full yoke of the law, he will not mind it so much. Another one had consulted the Marabout on this subject, for her eight years old daughter, he answered her: "Don't force your daughter to fast, but if she wishes to do so, let her have her way".

Neither is there an age limit for those

Scenery as one nears Biskra.



who have reached old age. The sick and the women also exaggerate the rigor of the fast and, like in the case of children, come in contradiction with the Koran itself. They could very justly be accused of infidelity, because the Book calls "infidel" both he who does not comply with the law, and he who exaggerates it.

One meets with many a fatal exaggeration among the sick at the dispensary, the hospital, among our workers from the workroom, the people we visit in their homes. The women are tenaciously attached to their religious practices, of which Ramadan is considered the principal. They do not dispense themselves from fasting as their husbands and brothers do in secret, especially those who live in the cities.

The woman who is nursing a baby is not exempted from fasting, neither is a pregnant woman. As for one who gives birth during Ramadan, she is permitted to stop fasting for a fortnight, but even this dispensation is cut as short as possible, because she shall have to make up for these days in the course of the year. This solitary fasting will be deprived of the rejoicings that accompany Ramadan, there will be no compensation for it, and it will be harder to bear.

Even the sick refuse to take food and the necessary medicine. There will be a discussion over the lawfulness of an injection, of a drop of collyrium, or about taking an urgently needed medicine.

Ramadan, is the magic word that explains all the irregularities in the home life, and the breaches to rules of civility. There remains only to be patient during those twenty-nine or thirty days that the Arabs now call "Lent". The women are busier than ever. Provisions are bought in greater abundance and variety than at any other time of the year. The poor go into debts to provide for the nocturnal feasts. All day long the women are seen watching the sauce that is cooking slowly, busy planning the varying menu, hurrying to have everything ready before sunset. One day coming unexpectedly at the home of one of the Bey of Tunis' daughter, I found the whole family on a canopy in the middle of the kitchen, surrounded by the maids, each one stooping over a "kanoun" (small open fire over which the cooking is done.) The parlor was moved around that day, it was Ramadan.

It is a rigorous and scrupulous fast dur-

ing the day, and abundant and particularly well prepared meals during night . . .

St. Matthew talking of Jesus says: "... after fasting for forty days and forty nights . . ." In Moslem land, these words "forty nights" take an importance which they did not have before; it is an opportune and really necessary precision.

The Arabs keep a close watch on one another to prevent or denounce infractions to the law of fasting.

Like all their feasts, Ramadan is movable. The Moslem year is a lunar year, and is eleven days ahead on our solar year. Ramadan can happen right in the heart of winter or in the midst of a warm summer. Some claim it is more mortifying in cold weather, but generally summer Ramadan is esteemed more painful to bear. Thirst is a real torture during those long days when the sun rises so early and sets so late.

There is a real mortification for all these fasters, who must work as usual, and who undergo a change of schedule that shortens their sleep—for the weak, the sick and the women. These thirty days represent a sum of innumerable privations and excessive fatigue, all the more felt that they are less accustomed to wilfully refraining themselves in ordinary times.

One would like to believe that there is a thought of reparation and expiation joined to their austere penance. But generally there is an utter lack of interior religion in their motives. However there is a belief among them that Ramadan well fulfilled will assure one of heaven, if he dies during the year.

May the sincerity of these poor souls render their efforts worthy of the Mercy of God and obtain for them the light of Redemption!

Aïd-El-Kebir

The closing day of their fast is one of rejoicing: "Aïd-El-Acrir" (the little feast). I would change the wording around and call it "the feast of the little ones." On that day all the parents' joy is in adorning their children and lavishing them with toys and cakes.

The great feast, the more solemn one, is that of the sheep. It is a Biblical reminiscence that Islam has adopted, a figure only, but ignored by those who do not possess our great Catholic truth. This feast, the principal of the Moslem liturgy is brought to a close at Mecca by the

solemn sacrifice of thousands of bulls, camels and sheep. It is celebrated all over the earth, where Arabic is spoken, where the Koran is read, where the "Chahadda" is the all powerful prayer, the supreme prayer.

The Mussulman thus recalls to mind the sacrifice of Abraham immolating his son Isaac. A chromo in sharp colors, lacking shade and perspective, is the only holy picture their religion permits; it is commonly found in the gourbi. A woman explained it thus to me the other day: "If Abraham had slain his son, we too should have had to kill our sons." But the angel prevented it on the part of God, who was satisfied with the heroic obedience of His servant, and on the altar prepared for Isaac, the great Friend of God (El Khelil) sacrificed a ram. I was thinking of the true Lamb, the Son, whose unique sacrifice alone is pleasing to God.

In all the families the sheep for the Aid is bought or set apart from the flock a month or two ahead. It is allowed to play with the children and almost becomes one of the family. It is cared for with a religious attention. During those days, the rulings of the Board of Health must give way, the sheep take abode in the cities.

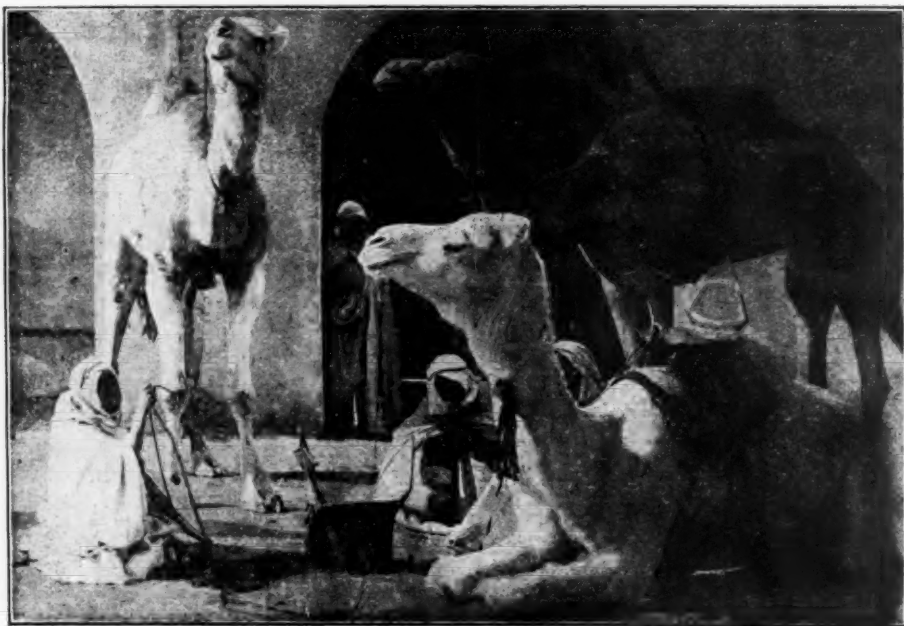
Each home has one; the poor gather all their savings and even go into debts to buy the sheep. It is all ribboned up and is no longer an ordinary sheep like those common animals in the large flocks that bar the road for you.

The Aid has come; it is the tenth day of the moon, all know about it and have ample time to get ready. Bright and early that morning, the men don their best burnous, and greet one another with the kiss of peace, in the streets, on the highways. This fraternal embrace lacks neither grace, beauty, nor grandeur.

While the men go to the Mosque to pray, the women, for whom this will be a day of heavy work, prepare for the cooking of the sheep: spices and aromatics are crushed and sifted; dishes of couscous are rolled, all is being prepared for the feast day meal.

It is only around ten o'clock that the sheep is killed. The head of the family is the sacrificator. The long knife, well sharpened is hung over the bed in its leather scabbard, and is used only on this occasion. In Tunis His Highness the Bey, at his official residence of Bardo is the first to slay the sheep, all perfumed with

(Please turn to page 80)



They have come to worship.

Polish Refugees

ON A BEAUTIFUL Sunday morning in the month of August, more than two hundred Polish Refugees, temporarily camped at Kigoma, have come on foot to the Shrine of Our Lady at Ujiji, Tanganyika Territory.

It is all simply heart-rending to see them in line before our hospital, and oh, so edifying! Children of all ages—first the boys, then the girls—lead the procession. They are in fine military formation—perfect ranks and all in step to the tunes of Polish hymns. A few women, young and old, and a dozen men, follow silent and recollected. We ourselves bring up the rear. French and English are completely unknown to our visitors, but many speak German fluently.

We arrive at the Seminary . . . What joy! His Excellency, Bishop Van Sambeek, W.F., is there and directs all to the Church where the children take their places in good order, and sing many hymns in their own tongue, that unfortunately none of us can understand. Kneeling down near the Holy Water Font, I have the travelers before me; the pilgrims and especially the old men, occupy the benches and prie-Dieu's. A Father prepares the altar for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; another, sitting down at the harmonium, accompanies the "Adoro Te," sung in Kiswahili. A beautiful Polish voice entones a hymn to which the harmonium itself listens in respectful silence. One word and one alone, that is repeated several times, is understood . . . "SAKRAMENT".

One old man arrives late; he limps, walks painfully, leaning heavily on his cane. If this cane could speak! what stirring tales it would tell, having encountered many, I am sure, in the course of its long pilgrimage. The old man prostrates himself in the aisle, praying with fervor; he seems very tired, broken, worn out, but his faith has remained ardent; it cries out through all his person, humbling itself before his God.

To my right, on a prie-Dieu, a young girl says her rosary piously; near her, an old woman, dressed in black, is absorbed in prayer and profound adoration. A grave pious voice—that of a man still

young, of perhaps 30 years—joins to those of the children, for the liturgical hymns.

The "Tantum Ergo" is sung by the congregation, after which all heads bow, and Jesus blesses these poor ones, without home . . . without country . . . wanderers in a strange land. Yes, a land savage till just a few years ago, but grown, by Christianity, fruitful and hospitable.

The touching ceremony over, Our Bishop comes forward, and with the aid of an interpreter addresses the audience paternally: "My dear friends, I wish I could speak your language and tell you how we all sympathize with you, how happy we are to see you among us! You have suffered much, yes, but these sufferings are not lost for your dear Poland, nor for you, friends; your Poland is not dead, and one day she will arise glorious! I will bless you and we will pray for you, for those you have left behind, for those you have lost!"

Emotion is high; all eyes are filled with tears. The blessing of our Venerable Prelate descends graciously on all these bowed heads, bringing consolation to all hearts. Anew their voices rise pure and



Corpus Christi Altar of Repose
Mission Church in

s on Pilgrimage

sweet, to sing the praises of Jesus and Mary. Our little Church re-echoes the supplications of our Polish Pilgrims yet another half-hour, as if one could not bear to leave the holy place.

Finally all proceed to the home of the White Fathers to greet them. The Negro Seminarists look on in silent astonishment. One reads in their large expressive eyes a great and profound pity for these unhappy white people.

The ranks are again formed in good order to return to the camp. When the group passes before the Hospital, the sick—native women and children—greet them, and two of the Nurses' Aids, in a spontaneous gesture, offer them their little provision of oranges and bananas . . . African natives welcoming white people poorer than they and giving them in charity that which they themselves received! . . . Strange and impressive spectacle!

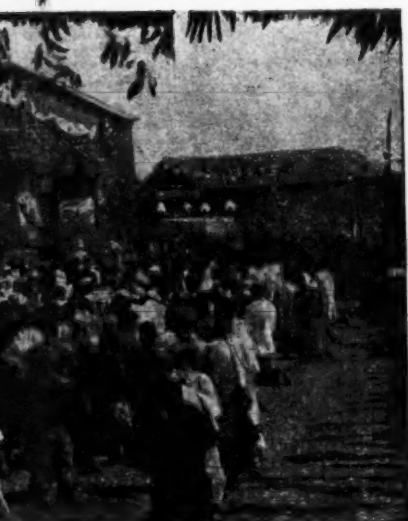
We return to the Mission for our prayers, followed by dinner. In the middle of the meal we are called: "There are White people in the yard who are asking for you." Surprised, we find ourselves face to face with a group of about thirty of

our Polish friends! Our parlor is too small! . . . what matter! The German and Russian box-cars were narrower and more disagreeable . . . All our chairs and benches are put into use. Someone asks if there is a dentist among the Sisters. "Oh yes, when one is a Missionary, one knows all trades!" Five clients present themselves (three men and two women), and are introduced into the Pharmacy where Sr. Winnefrida awaits to offer them her services.

During this time, while cold drinks and fruits; oranges, papayes, bananas are being prepared, we chat with our visitors. All accept our humble offering with joy and gratitude. With confidence they relate in a few words their sad lot: In 1939, made Russian prisoners, they were deported to Siberia; many were killed, executed. One woman, an American citizen, returned to Poland with her husband, just six months before the declaration of the war; made prisoners, they passed two years in a Concentration Camp in Siberia where many died of misery and of frightful diseases, chiefly scurvy. The survivors fled at last to the English Colonies in India and from there into Persia, where the poor woman lost her husband, and her little son of but a few months. The "woman in black" saw her husband and three children die. The old man who limped, lost his wife, for whom he asks that a Mass be offered. Being asked if his feet are sore, he replies: "No, but these shoes are too large and they have no laces to hold them on." Mother Superior quickly remedies the matter by offering a good pair of shoe strings and the man thanks her warmly. Poor people, they left Poland 4,000, and they remain but 250!

Before their departure we offered them our best wishes for the future. In a few days they will take the boat for Rhodesia, where a more comfortable camp awaits them. They shall find there what they need to restore and rebuild their hope of better days, for themselves and for their unfortunate Country.

Sister Eugene - Marie,
Ujiji, Tanganyika.



Repose at the front entrance of a church in Tanganyika.

The Catholic Woman in the Social Life of Kabylia

(Continued from Jan. - Feb. Issue)

The Christian Kabyle Mother.

The Christian mother in Kabylia wears a halo of dignity to which her virtues entitle her, and it is not only her children who respect her for these virtues, but all who know her.

There are usually many children about her; it is true that God relieves her of the care of many of them: the climate and frequent epidemics are the principal causes of the high rate of infant mortality, in this country. However those who survive are a comfort to their parents.

All the Christian women are not perfect mothers and they have their failings, as many others have, alas! . . . But their tiny cherubs know well how to soften a mother's heart. Thus our task is doubled, because while educating the children, we must also educate the mothers and this is not the easiest part of our duties.

After years of educating successive generations in the Christian Faith, conditions will certainly improve, but we are only beginning. Experience will show these women the necessity of firmness in the training of their children.

It is illness, above all, which brings out the spirit of faith in these neophytes. I could give many examples of Kabyle mothers who are edifying in their family life and by their piety. I shall mention only two, whom God has called to a better world.

Last summer a young woman was dying of consumption at Ighil-Ali. When she was told that the time had come to receive Extreme Unction she answered: "Oh! yes, I should be very happy to."



A Kabyle
Woman

And far from being alarmed at the thought of death, she prepared for it as if for a feast and she asked those about her to sing hymns during all the ceremony, as a sign of rejoicing. "This is a great day for me," she said, "because I shall soon be in Heaven!"

A woman named Therese who was at the point of death asked to have her child brought to her, her youngest, aged one year. Gazing at him tenderly, she cried: "God is more to me than you, my son." What faith there is in these words! Are we not justified in believing that, by the grace of God, there are other saints such as Perpetua and Felicitas, in this land once drenched with the blood of martyrs.

The Christian Grandmother.

Owing to the custom of early marriage in Kabylia there are already many grandmothers among our Christians and it is not unusual to see a grandmother with children younger than her grandchildren.

There is a striking contrast between these old Christian women and their Mussulman sisters. Instead of being the evil genius of the young married pair, the Christian grandmother is their guardian angel and is worthy in every respect of the marks of veneration they bestow upon her.

The younger generation look to her for advice and the children are happy to be near her. Her daughters vie with each other to keep her with them. Her sons are attentive to her wants and they consult her in all their affairs.

Thus is religion transforming, little by little, the lives of this people, who deprived of the beneficent influence of a Christian education, would have been condemned to long years of martyrdom. Notwithstanding their fanaticism, those who are not yet converted to the True Faith cannot but envy the happiness of these new Christians.

One last word and it is an appeal: Of your charity pray for the "Kabyle mission".

The Boys' Christmas Tree

B . . . January, 1944.

To the Community of Metuchen.

Dear Sisters,

Well I am happy to tell you that Christmas came to us with a Christmas tree this year. All this thanks to the Boys and the folks back home.

I really do believe that Uncle Sam has emptied all his candy stores and that the whole nation at home has deprived itself of candy for months past. I do not know if as much candy has reached all the other parts of the world where our Boys are camped, but here in Algiers, B . . . it was a real shower.

It all began on Gaudete Sunday. As we entered church for the 9 o'clock Mass, a young Sergeant presented us with a fine Xmas Parcel that had just arrived from New York City. He simply said in French: "Pour les enfants."

When we came back home Mother Superior opened the parcel and found it was candy. But we did not know the donor! I searched out the address and found "Sergeant George Reidy". We prayed God to reward him but never thought meeting him again.

On the fourth Sunday of Advent, again a young Sergeant inquired from one of the Sisters: "May I bring some candy to your children?"—"Why of course you may."—"When may I come?"—"Any day, at any time."—"Thank you."

Next morning at 10 o'clock I was called to the door. Two young American soldiers were there, loaded with boxes of all sizes—pounds of candy, soap and other choice gifts including three lovely Christmas Cards: One for our Pastor, one for the Sisters, and one for the members of the Choir. When I asked our visitors where they came from: "New York City," both of them. I need not add what hearty welcome was given to them. Guess who they were—Sgt. G. Reidy and Sgt. J. Dean.

There was plenty for all our pupils. We prepared a Christmas tree—and every one of our girls, about eighty, received a gift. (At present we have ninety-seven native girls at our school here.) The mothers and little brothers also shared the joy.

There are many Catholics among the Boys—fervent and staunch ones. One regiment we had here at one time, I was told was 50% Catholic! So many visit us here, each one trying to out do the other in generosity to help relieve the misery that surrounds us. Among others were Lieut. Hils, from Georgia; and Sgt. Getherall from Brooklyn. The latter proudly showed us the photo of his son—his wife sent it to him, the baby was then five months old!

You know how difficult it is to find spare time in our twenty-four hours of mission duties. I should

wish to be able to write to the Parents of all the Boys who come up here, but it is impossible, however when one or the other insists: "Sister do please write to Mother to tell her you saw me." Sure I do promise and I write. Our Superiors wish us to do all we can to oblige our dear American Boys and thus express our gratitude to the families who have so generously parted with their best to help the world out of the great disaster and chastisement, that has fallen on mankind for its sins and neglect of God's Holy Law. "Parce Domine . . ."

Every day at the Morning Offering, Holy Mass and Communion, the Boys and their families are remembered. "Grant Peace oh Lord to our days . . ."

Yours affectionately in Christo Jesu,

Sister M. Xaverine, W.S.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

RANSOMED PAGAN BABIES

A friend of St. Therese.
Miss G. Wade.
Mr. J. J. Meehan.
Our Lady of Sorrows School, Corona, N. Y.
Sacred Heart School, Worcester, Mass.
Pauline Guild, Jersey City, N. J.
The Fedewa Family.
Mrs. F. Ketterer.
Miss M. Fenick.
Miss C. Ryan.
Miss M. Koenigsnecht.
Miss M. Matson.
St. Joseph School, Long Island City, N. Y.
Hobby Club Girls.
Mrs. A. Tompkins.
Miss E. Vieler.
Our Lady of Sorrows School, So. Orange, N. J.
St. Lawrence School, W. Haven, Conn.
St. Francis Orphanage, New Haven, Conn.
Miss N. Wolle.

TO KEEP A SANCTUARY LAMP BURNING

Miss E. Egan.
Miss K. Wolohan.
Mrs. C. Bartell.
Miss F. Kulpa.
Mrs. G. Bobka.
Friendly Helpers.

DRESSED A CHILD FOR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION

Miss M. Cashman.
Mrs. A. Wysaski.

SUPPORTED THE LEPERS

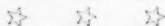
Miss M. Hillenbrand.
Miss L. Nohe.
Mr. C. Nohe.
Mrs. J. C. Walsh.
Mrs. G. B. Yale.
Miss M. T. Yale.

Mission Drama Contest

The Catholic Student's Mission Crusade, U. S. A., announces a mission drama contest to provide plays on a missionary theme for use without royalty in school and parish dramatic clubs. Prizes of \$125.00, \$50.00 and \$25.00 have been donated by the Maryknoll Society, Maryknoll, N. Y. All manuscripts must be submitted to the national offices of the Crusade at:

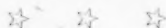
**CRUSADE CASTLE,
Shattuc Avenue,
Cincinnati 26, OHIO.**

NOT LATER THAN APRIL 10th, 1944.



RULES:

1. It must be motivated by Christian ideals.
2. It must be a **GOOD PLAY**.
3. It must deal with Catholic missionary work and life either in the United States or in **ANY** other country.
4. Choice of any one or combination of the following:
 - (a) actual missionary work.
 - (b) life in mission countries.
 - (c) vocations to missionary work.
 - (d) relation of missionary work to Catholic life in general.



Prize-winning manuscript will become the property of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. Royalties will be arranged with author if any professional use is made of them. Plays not winning prizes also will become property of the Crusade, but if contestants wish them returned, postage should be enclosed with the manuscripts.

\$125.00 — \$50.00 — \$25.00

Mohammedan Lent

[Continued from page 75]

incense. Then each head of family performs the ritual gesture in his own home. The sheep is then hung up, skinned and remains thus exposed till night. All this antique ceremonial perpetuated for centuries, leaves a painful impression on a Christian soul.

The annual pilgrimage to Mecca which groups so many Moslems comes to a close on the day of the Aid. There the religious sentiment is exalted and the bond of attachment to Islam is strengthened. The return of the "hadi" pilgrim will cause great joy, all his tribe will honor him.

There is no analogy whatsoever between the Aid and our great feast of Easter. However each year, on the occasion of our great Catholic Solemnity of solemnities, His Highness the Bey of Tunis sends a curly, all white lamb to our Sisters at Carthage.

Only the Sisters see in this Easter Lamb a figure of the True Lamb, who delivered Himself up to gather in the One Sheepfold, all races, all nations, all faiths in the Charity of the Unique God.

**Sister George Marie, W.S.,
In North Africa.**

OBITUARY

Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. C. York, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Rev. D. E. Chisholm, Pomquet, N. S.
 Rev. J. Chaze, Rev. Bro. Ignace, Mathieu, Andre, of the White Fathers.
 Sr. M. Quodvuldeus, Sr. M. Tarcisius, Sr. M. Thomas d'Aquin, Sr. M. St. Laurent, all White Sisters from St. Charles, Algeria.
 Sr. M. St. Martial, W.S., Carthage, Algeria.
 Rev. Mother M. Berchmans, Srs. of St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
 Mother M. Mechilde, Mother M. Alacocque, Sr. M. Dorothy, Sr. M. Armella, all Dominican Sisters from Caldwell, N. J.
 Sr. Agnes Mariam, Charity Srs., Hoboken, N. J.
 Mr. P. Gemme, Worcester, Mass.
 Mr. C. Lanigan.
 Mr. J. Lanigan.
 Mr. J. Brady.
 Mr. Crawford, Vernon, N. Y.
 Mr. J. Collins, Flushing, N. Y.
 Mrs. T. McArthur, Cascade, Ia.
 Mrs. C. Carader.
 Mrs. Guilmond, Haverhill, Mass.

WANTED

YOUNG LADIES who are generous enough to devote their whole life to the African Missions, in answer to the prayer Our Divine Lord bade His Apostles make: *"The harvest indeed is abundant, but the laborers are few. Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into his harvest."* St. Luke X, 2. . . .

Also hearkening to our late Holy Father Pius XI prognostics for Africa: *"The sun shines successively on different parts of the earth. At present the Sun of Grace is shining on Africa. The times of Providence strike hourly. We must be on the alert so as to leave neither before nor after, but on the stroke sharp. And I, the Pope declare that Africa's hour has struck."*

Although the strain of the war in Africa has not received wide publicity, the White Sisters, whose mission field is exclusively that continent, are greatly worried over the decrease of recruits from Europe as a result of the war.

If God in his mercy whispers to you His Divine Call, do not hesitate. God and souls are calling you.

For information write to:

Reverend Mother Superior
White Sisters Convent
Metuchen, New Jersey.

WILL

Our Legal Title Is

THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA
METUCHEN, NEW JERSEY

Don't forget the missions in your WILL! You will never regret it, now or later. Why not include this clause?

"I hereby bequeath to the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa for use in their African Missions, the sum of Dollars."



A Bedouin mother and child in Tunisia
are wondering if the people in the United States will back their Sons'
Husbands' and Friends' charity towards the poor Africans.

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